

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

MY EARLY DAYS.

My early days! my early days!
Oh draw the friendly vale between,
And hide from my unwilling gaze
The sunshine of that joyous scene!
To him who ne'er again may be
The guileless boy he once hath been,
It makes the spirit sick to see
Its devious path of shame and sin.

From childhood's fresh and dewy dawn,
When life lay full before my view,
In folly's reckless course I've gone,
Still panting for the strange and new,
And I have met the new and strange,
And varied with the varying hour,
And found, alas! that chance and change
O'er time and sorrow have no power.

Wealth has no splendor in my eyes,
Fame no allurement for my gaze;
I care not for Ambition's prize,
Or Fashion's vain and gaudy blaze.
I have no wisdom; know not how
To follow Fortune's shining track,
And all behind, before me, now
Seems cold and sad, forlorn and black.

Why do I live these weary years,
And wear this cumbersome load of life,
Where budding joy is drowned in tears,
And peace devoured by care and strife?
Oh! were it not a glorious thing
To dash these shackles all away,
And in the grave lie slumbering,
A crumbling mass of senseless clay!

To him whose fount of tears is dry,
Or bitterer than Mara's spring,
On whom each hour, in flitting by,
Sheds poison from his dusky wing,
How sweet to drop this daily load
Of listless heart and throbbing head,
And mingle in that still abode
Unwept, unweeping, with the dead!

No morning dawns upon their eyes,
To rouse them with its hateful light,
Nor sun, and moon, and stars, and skies,
Grow irksome to their aching sight.
No fawning, false-sold friend shall greet,
No glaring foe defy them now,
But all in that pale kingdom meet,
With peaceful eyes and marble brow.

Ah! cease these words of fretful pride,
And bathe thy heart in contrite tears;
So shalt thou 'scape the slimy tide
Slow ebbing with the dregs of years.
Go read in faith that glorious page
Traced by the pen of heavenly truth,
And garner in the heart of age
The holy memories of youth.

Happy sorrow soothe the woe
By thine own hands upon these brought,
A soft, celestial light shall glow
Through all thy darkling sphere of thought.
Its morning sun, by clouds o'ercast
And shrouded to the gates of even,
Will melt their folds, and set at last
Refulgent with the hues of heaven.

POLITICAL PANICS.

Mr. Benton's indignant rebuke of those politicians who would get up a tariff panic for presidential effect, deserves universal heed. We all recollect the similar game which was played in connection with the bank—a game that resulted in the most disastrous consequences, both to that institution and the country. Is it not much to be deplored that a rich important and permanent interest should be delivered up to political managers, to be sported with in subordination to the ephemeral party contests of the day? To such an extent does party delusion prevail, that many of the blind partisans of Mr. Clay have been made to believe he is the actual father of American manufacturers; that domestic industry was not known until hatched out to existence by the "hot incubation and meretricious embraces" of his so-called "American system." Mr. Benton proves that our manufacturers are of ancient and spontaneous growth, and that they, as well as agriculture and commerce, were in a most flourishing state before the war, which "tariff" was never invoked, or even heard of, as the means of encouraging or protecting manufactures.—*Globe.*

Mr. Benton was done with this part of the subject; but there was another part of it which claimed his attention. He had listened to nothing with more pleasure this session than the indignant manner in which the senator from South Carolina, (Mr. M. Duffie,) in his first speech on the tariff, had denounced political legislation. He poured a stream of hot and burning eloquence upon the legislation which looked to presidential elections, and prostituted the halls of legislation and the law-making power, to the execrable business of putting up or putting down a presidential candidate. He (Mr. B.) concurred with him in the lofty and indignant feelings which he expressed, and had hoped that the Senate chamber would be free from the presence of that plague, which, like the frogs of Egypt, spread itself every where. The Senate had been free from it until this day, but the senator from Rhode Island had introduced the presidential candidates—one for approbation—one for condemnation. He (Mr. B.) would not imitate him, nor follow him, but considered all that he had said on that subject, with the lamentations over the destruction of manufactures and ruin of laborers, to be the commencement of a panic—a cold-blooded, studied commencement of a panic—to be taken up out of doors, and ran through the land. This was mortifying and humiliating, and he profoundly regretted to see it. We had panics enough in the time of the old bank of the United States; and the high-tariff champions all served their apprenticeship at panic-making then. Destruction! ruin! loss of wages! loss of property! the bank the only saviour of the people! such was the cry in the bank panic! and, from the givings-out of this day, all this is to be repeated by the high-tariff party! and tariff now, like bank then, is to be the only means of saving the people from everlasting perdition.

"Let there be no panics—no alarms. The high-tariff candidates for the presidency and the vice presidency were defeated in 1832; the bills then introduced into the house of representatives showed that manufactures had nothing to fear from the issue of that election; that discrimination and incidental protection was the basis of democratic policy; and that every interest of the country would be duly sustained. The same now. The success of the democracy in 1844 will be auspicious to every interest, and as much so to manufacturers as to any other."

From the Globe.

MR. CLAY AND THE BANK.

That there may be no mistake in the approaching presidential canvass, we extract from the Savannah Georgian the subjoined paragraph from a recent speech of Mr. Clay:

He enlarged somewhat upon the necessity of a national bank. Go into Wall street, in New York, where British capital is most abundant, and you will find the strongest opponents of a bank, because its existence would jeopard their interests. The large emporiums of the North did not want a bank, but it was wanted by the South and West. If exchanges were now in a good condition, experience had shown that they would not continue so. If the State banks now paid specie, facts had shown that, with a revival of prosperity, the inflation of paper currency would recommence, because there was no national regulator to check these spurious issues. The S. banks, as we all know, were so powerless to furnish a national currency with which a citizen of this great country can travel from one end of it to the other. The practice of the most enlightened European governments has shown that a national currency was necessary, the national government could alone ordain it, and it was just as important to the national interests to have it, as it was to regulate commerce, to provide a navy or an army.

It will be seen that this gentleman is still in favor of a national bank, and for the same fallacious reasons by which Mr. Biddle's exploded corporation was sustained and justified. It is amazing that a man, versed so long and so much in public affairs, should profit so little by the lessons of experience.

If Mr. Clay means to assert that a national bank is not popular in the city of New York, he is right; but if he intends by "Wall street" to convey the idea that the brokers and speculators or peculators are adverse to such an institution, the declaration is contradicted by notorious facts. When Mr. Biddle made his appearance in Wall street a few years ago, to borrow money under the pretence of lending, who received him with servile adulation, and paid him almost divine honors? Did not the worshippers of Mammon throng around his steps, as if anxious to touch the hem of his robe? Mr. Biddle's popularity with that portion of the community designated here as "Wall street," was even greater than that of Mr. Clay; for we question whether even he would receive so flattering a reception, as was bestowed upon the money-king by the devotees of what is sometimes called the "almighty dollar."

Mr. Clay also informs the people of Georgia that a bank is more wanted by the South and West than by the North. We think he will find it hard to convince the people of the South of a proposition so absurd. How can they be benefited by that centralization of capital in the northern emporium, which renders the planting States absolutely tributary to a great financial power upon whose movements and behests the prosperity of the whole country is made to depend? Injurious as has been the policy of the United States Bank to the great interests of the North, its pernicious influences have been peculiarly fatal to the southern and western States. From the wounds it inflicted on their character and well-being, these States are now happily recovering, and we question much whether even the eloquence of Mr. Clay will induce them again to incur similar dangers and disasters.

We are happy to observe that Mr. Clay is constrained to admit the present favorable state of the exchanges, in spite of the repeated predictions that they would remain in inextricable confusion without a national bank to regulate them. Nothing is more provoking to the advocates of a great central corporation, than this convalescence of the financial and commercial condition of the country, without a resort having been had to their exploded quackery. Their disappointment puts us in mind of the unfortunate doctor who complained that his patients died on purpose to bring his treatment into discredit. In like manner, Mr. Clay and his friends complain that the country is getting well, for the express purpose of bringing their financial system into disrepute. This patriotic gentleman, however, consoles himself with the idea that, "if the exchanges are now in a good condition, they will not continue so." Not, we admit, if he shall be permitted to try his discredited remedies upon the body politic. One of the worst effects to be apprehended from the restoration of a "whig dynasty" will be the inevitable revival of those pernicious schemes and projects, from the effect of which the country is now happily recovering. Nobody wants a national bank now but a few insecure politicians and desperate speculators, who never thrive so much as when the country is suffering.

We do not think, with Mr. Clay, that the State banks which have been strong enough to survive the recent calamities, will "inflame the paper currency" again for the want of a "national regulator to check these spurious issues." Should they not be disposed to profit by past experience, it is not another national bank, with another Biddle at its head, which will keep them in the path of prudence and propriety. We think they will hardly go for lessons of prudence or morality to a bank modelled upon the favorite institution of Mr. Clay, which Mr. Rives told him to his face, in the Senate, was a "bawdy house."

The only shadow of an argument employed by Mr. Clay, is that of the convenience afforded to travellers by a paper circulation of a general character, possessing an "odor of nationality," as Mr. Webster would say. This slight convenience, however, which is very much overrated, and which is not peculiar to Mr. Clay's favorite system, is too trifling a compensation for the many and great evils and dangers resulting from the establishment of a great federal corporation, in violation of the constitution, the financial objections to which are quite as strong as the political. The "practice of the most enlightened European governments" has by no means shown what Mr. Clay declares it has exhibited, even if European practice were applicable to American example. The notes of the national Bank of France are not of lower denomination than a hundred dollars, and, therefore, can scarcely answer the purposes of general circulation. The lowest notes of the Bank of England are of twenty-five dollars, a denomination too high to subserve the objects of daily or consumptive circulation. Besides, the position, population, dimensions, commercial habits, &c., of those countries, and a hundred other circumstances which are important elements in the calculation, differ essentially from those of the United States, and of course made them unfair subjects of comparison.

However, our object in setting out was not to discuss this comprehensive subject in a desultory article, but merely to call public attention to the fact that Mr. Clay is still the advocate of a national bank, upon the same grounds by which he supported and justified the institution which met with so melancholy a fate in the hands of his friend, Mr. Nicholas Biddle.

WHO WANTS A NATIONAL BANK?—Only the politicians, with Mr. Clay and Mr. Bots at their head, are blind enough to believe that the business of a great nation cannot be transacted without a mammoth bank, with power to contract or expand; to make money scarce or plenty; to make money rise or fall; to make men rich or poor; to put property up or down; to make or unmake presidents, &c. Even in bank-ridden Philadelphia, where Biddle was worshipped as the Israelites prostrated themselves before the golden calf, money matters are thus described in Bicknell's Reporter, of Tuesday:

"Money is as abundant as ever in Philadelphia. Good paper is readily discounted at from four to five per cent. Our banks, it is said, are making money, inasmuch as they all have large deposits, and are thus enabled to loan, not only on their capital, but in some cases on deposits, even to a larger amount than their capital. We may therefore look for very fair dividends at the next semi-annual period."

HENRY CLAY'S TWO HEATS.

Mr. Clay has been twice before the people for their votes, and has been twice beaten by large majorities.

His first heat was in 1824, and resulted as follows:

Jackson,	99 votes
Adams,	84
Crawford	41

Clay,	224
	87

Majority against Mr. Clay, 187

He tried it again in 1832, with the following success:

Jackson,	219 votes
Floyd,	11
Wirt,	7

Clay,	237
	49

Majority against Mr. Clay, 188

Being one vote more against him than in 1824. If Mr. Clay loses a vote in eight years, how long will it be before he is elected?—*Kendall's Express.*

DREAFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A melancholy accident occurred at Madison Indiana, on the 28th March. It is usual in descending the inclined plane, to detach the wood and freight cars, and bring them just to the head of the plane, to wait till the passengers have gone down. In this instance the way was slippery, and when the wood car was brought to the head of the plane, and the passenger car was descending, the former accidentally got under headway, and running with great velocity, struck the passenger car and dashed it into pieces!—leaving four persons killed, and five very badly wounded!!

The following were the names of the persons killed and wounded, viz—
Mr. Bundrant of Madison, killed
Enochs, of Bloomington College do
Branson, of Wheeling (Va.) do
Delaer, of Brownstown (Ind.) do
Roberts, of Madison, limb broken
Lockard, do do
Miss Craig, do do
Mr. Crane, of Brownstown, do
—, Columbus, do

The dead were killed instantly, and the others have all some limb broken. Miss Craig's was amputated yesterday afternoon.

Texas presents from the best and most authentic geographical information a superficial area of 350,000 square miles—that is, it is five times as large as the commonwealth of Virginia, more than twice as large as the kingdom of France, and ten times as large as England and Wales.

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.—The Pennsylvania Legislature have passed a special act to legalize a marriage between R. Brunson and wife. He hid, it appears without a knowledge of the fact, married his niece; and a considerable period of time had elapsed before he discovered his mistake.

The Whig Prize Banner, now in progress at Baltimore will, it is said, be a splendid affair.—*Phil. Eng.*
So was the "great Whig party," and the "monster bank" both "splendid affairs"—what are they now?—"splendid ruins!"—*Balt. Rep.*

Woman is said to be like a Jewsharp—because she is nothing without a tongue and must be pressed to the lips.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

Man should learn to accommodate himself to the winter, as well as to the summer of life; for the summer passes away—the trees lose their verdure—the earth is deprived of its greenness—and the sky of its brightness. The streamlet bubbles no more, but rushes with impetuous flood on to the ocean. The melody of the grove is hushed—the busy hum of insect life is stilled. Nature approaches the cold and turfless grave of winter. Ah! if we would but awaken to the moral of which these signs admonish us—if we would but read the lesson which kind providence has printed on the face of Nature, for our benefit and improvement—if we would but study the alphabet of fate, and remember that each leaf which falls, each flower that dies, is but an emblem of man's kindred doom—how much of the selfishness, the discontentment, the coldness, the viciousness of life would be swept away, and earth would be but a proof sheet of Heaven's fairer volume, with errors and imperfections, it is true, but still susceptible

and easy of correction and amendment ere its pages were unfolded before the High Chancery of Heaven.

There is a machine in operation at Pittsburgh, which makes wrought iron spikes, of any size, with great despatch. The machine is fed by one or two hands as the case may be, with red-hot rods of iron, of the size of the spikes required, and the way it chews up the hot metal and spits out the hot spike is no ways slow! The head is formed by one movement of a die, whilst a pair of, we don't know what they are called, chisels, we presume, point the spike, which drops as another is introduced, the size being easily changed by means of regulating screws, in a few minutes, as the owner may desire, to any required length or thickness.

GREAT CARGO.—Some idea of the productiveness of the valley of the Mississippi and of the mass of produce which concentrated at New Orleans may be inferred from the fact that the steamboat Missouri recently arrived at New Orleans from St. Louis, with an immense barge in tow, the aggregate cargo of both of which was 1,707 tons!

A QUEER TRIAL.

A legal correspondent of the *Sunderville* (Geo.) Telescope, thus relates one of his adventures at the bar, in a certain district of Georgia, near Hawkinsville, known as the "third kingdom of Dooly." Some time since divers claims were placed in my hands for collection by Jiters, M'Filters & Co. of New York, and amongst them a little note on Simeon Screws, of the aforesaid district of Dooly. I handed it to Asa Markill, one of the acting justices, and took his receipt for the same. The claims progressed regularly on to judgment, but some time since I was informed that Screws had filed an affidavit of illegality to the execution, and being the attorney general of the aforesaid firm, and not having much else to do, I determined to go down and see it. When arrived at the court yard, the court had been in session for some time, but upon inquiry I found that my case had not been reached, but was next to the last. I called for the execution of the affidavit, and found that the ground of illegality was that the plaintiffs lived out of the State!

Squire Markhill was on the bench. As to his intelligence farther than the following will show, it is only necessary to add that he was in the legislature of 1843.

He was a polite man, however,—particularly so in his manner of speaking.

"I should suppose, may it please your honor, that the court does not wish to hear from me on the subject of this illegality."

"Well, I reckon not, squire," he replied, mildly nodding his head to me, "for it is plain the execution ought to be killed."

"Do I understand that your honor intends to sustain this illegality?"

"Yes, squire, that's law."

I expressed my astonishment at this, and made a speech showing the absurdity of the decision, and wound up by saying Screws for daring to take such an oath. When I concluded the bench went on:

"The court is fond to hear you talk, Squire Nubbs—very fond indeed—you talk well, and the court hope you will come down often. But Mr. Screws is our neighbor; we know him; and besides he has shown that the execution is illegal, and it must be killed. Squire Nubbs."

"Yes, and may it please the court, I will swear the execution is not illegal."

"Well, but Squire, you can't do it. Now if Jiters, M'Filters & Co. was here and would swear it, then it would be oath against oath, and it would be tried by a jury!"

Seeing that nothing could be gained by adherence to the principles of law, and unwilling that my clients should be swindled out of their money in this way, I took considerable pains to show that in a great many cases the attorney could act as principal, and finally got the justice to let me swear—which I had no hesitation in doing. A jury was empanelled, and we went on with the trial. Screws said nothing, but I went into the case warmly. They retired, and in five minutes brought in this verdict: "We, the jury, find the execution dead!" I was about to retire in dignified disgust, when a bushy-headed jurymen asked who was to pay the jury's fees.

"The jury's fees come out of Mr. Screws," I replied as mildly as I could; "the verdict was in his favor."

"That's true, Squire Nubbs; but it ain't the law the man that gains his case shall pay cost."

"Please the court," I replied entirely out of my patience, "if I pay, may I be —"

"Thank you, Squire; that settles the matter: the court fines you a dollar and a half for contempt of court. That will pay us all, boys, and treat us in the bargain."

I launched out the one and fifty, and left the "third kingdom of Dooly" with a considerable degree of rapidity.

Good thoughts, like good company, will never stay where they are not civilly entertained, while bad thoughts, like ill-mannered guests, press for admission, or, like night robbers, lurk secretly about, waiting for an unguarded moment to creep in and destroy.

GOOD SPUNK.—A subscriber to the *Columbian Register*, in Kentucky, on remitting pay for his paper, says:

"I do not know where I shall be at the next presidential election—nor whether I shall be a voter anywhere; but if I am alive, though a thousand miles from the nearest post, or habitable dwelling, I will set my hat on the nearest stump and deposit a vote for the 'Sage of Lindenwald!' for no other reason, than as a mere act of justice to one who was basely defrauded of his election four years ago. That vote was made the day I knew of his defeat; and by heavens I'll keep it!"

A notorious tall young fellow, employed as a clerk was told by a wag that his employer did not want him any longer. Much alarmed, he hastened to his employer to demand the reason, when he replied that he considered him tall enough!

It has been remarked, by some one, that there are four orders of women—the peacocks, with whom dress is all; the magpies, with whom chatter is all; the turtle doves, with whom love is all; and the paradise birds above them all.

"Ah! my good fellow where have you been for a week back?"

"For a week back! I have not been troubled with a weak back, I thank you!"

"No, no, where have you been long back?"

"Long back! I don't call me long back, you scoundrel!"

Obediah only stopped to see the tall man knock down the short one!

A western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaimed, "Dog my cats if you heint been taking a little rye, old hoss!"

AGRICULTURIST.



CULTIVATION OF THE STRAWBERRY.

One of our English writers states that the method there pursued with the most success is to transplant the bush, to well prepared soil, as often as every third year. The bush should be permitted to form a head at about one foot from the ground, and the limbs should be pruned to within six or nine inches in length, the leading shoots of each year being so headed down in the month of February, and the old branches as far as practicable taken off. The ground should be a rich fresh loam with a dry and warm sub-soil, and in a position admitting of free circulation of the wind. If fresh loam cannot be procured, use plentifully a liquid preparation in the fall of the year.

From the Massachusetts Ploughman.

RAISING AND CUTTING ROOTS.

Mr. Thomas Wheeler, of Leominster, writes to us commending the cultivation of the potatoe and the carrot as the best roots for stock. He would have the man who has little land raise carrots and such roots as require but little room.

He says on 18 square rods he has raised 80 bushels of carrots. On 27 he has raised 162 bushels—equal to 972 per acre. And last year on 18 rods he had 120 bushels. All the labor required on the 27 rods, was four days for a man of 75 and a boy of 12 years after sowing till harvesting.

He states that he has invented tools for weeding, so that all weeds within one fourth of an inch of the plants in drills can be cut up and leave but little labor for the fingers.

He puts from 35 to 40 loads of compost manure to the acre, ploughs four times, and harrows as many more; sows with a seed sower that costs 37 cents. He harvests with a long tined dung-fork and breaks off the tops of the carrots instead of cutting.

Mr. Wheeler states that he has made a vegetable cutter that will cut one bushel per minute.

He says his hoe is so made as to thin out the carrots and leave not more than the space of one inch between them.

HARROWING GRAIN.

We have often found great benefit in harrowing grain in the spring of the year, (says the American Agriculturist,) as soon as the ground is well settled and dry, more especially wheat somewhat winter killed. It stirs the earth, encourages tilling, and adds to the vigor of the growth of the plant. The harrow should be followed by the roller, so as to replace the roots of the plant which may be laid bare by the harrow, and crowd them into the earth.

On deep and frequent ploughing.—The late Mr. Pickering, in an address before the Essex County Agricultural society, says—"I entertain no doubt of the utility of deep ploughing; not at once in our lands in general, but by an increase of 2 or 3 inches every annual ploughing, until the earth is stirred and pulverized to the depth of ten or twelve inches. Indian corn planted in such a mass of loosened earth, would not, I am persuaded, ever suffer by ordinary droughts. Like a sponge it would absorb a vast quantity of rain water, and become a reservoir to supply the want of that and of all other plants. Nothing is more common in a dry summer, than the rolling of leaves of corn; and that circumstance is often mentioned as an evidence of the severity of the drought. This rolling of the leaves of Indian corn, is the consequence, in part, of scant manuring, but still more of shallow ploughing. Few perhaps, are aware of the depth to which the roots of plants will penetrate in a deeply loosened earth. A gentleman much inclined to agricultural inquiries and observations, informed me nearly fifty years ago, that seeing some men digging a well in a hollow place, planted in Indian corn then at full growth he stopped to examine how far its roots had descended, and he traced them to the depth of nine feet. The soil was an accumulation of earth, which had run or been thrown down into the hollow.

The seeds of a common turnip sown in warm weather, and on a soil sufficiently moist, I have known to vegetate in about 48 hours; and in only four days afterwards, I found the plants had sent roots to the depth of four or five inches.

Bank Note Table.

OHIO.

Bank of Exchange, Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of Cincinnati,	failed
Bank of the United States Branch,	failed
Cincinnati and White water canal Co.	failed
Cincinnati Banking and Loan office,	failed
Consolidated Banking Company,	failed
Farmer's and Mechanic's bank,	failed
Farmers Exporting Company,	38 dis
Ohio and Cincinnati Loan office,	failed
Otis Arnold & Company's Checks,	failed
Pitt (J. H.) & Company's Bank,	failed
Bank of Circleville (new bank) chartered in 1818,	failed
Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton,	12 dis
Bank of Gallipolis, Gallipolis,	failed
Bank of Steubenville, Steubenville,	failed
Bank of Mansfield, Mansfield,	failed
Bank of Sandusky Bay, L. Sandusky,	failed
Western Banking Company,	failed
Bank of West Union, West Union,	failed
Canal Bank, Middletown,	failed
Commercial Bank of L. Erie, Cleveland,	10 dis
Commercial Bank of Scioto, Portsmouth,	5 dis
Farmer's Bank of Canton, Canton,	20 dis
Farmer's Bank of New Salem, N. Salem,	failed
Farmer's Mechanics Bank Chillicothe,	failed
Franklin Silk Company,	failed
German Bank of Wooster, Wooster,	failed
Gaugua Insurance Company, Painesville,	failed
Granville Alexandria Soc. Granville,	62 dis
Goshen, Wilmington & Company Columbus Turnpike Company,	failed
Hamilton and Rossville Manufacturing Co.	failed
Jefferson Bank, New Salem,	failed
Kirtland Safety Society, Bank of Kirtland	failed
Lebanon Miami Banking Co. Lebanon,	failed
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster,	10 dis
Maumee Insurance Company,	failed
Manhattan Bank, Manhattan,	failed
Monroe Falls Manufacturing Company	failed
Miami Exporting Co. Branch, Conneaut,	failed
Owl Creek Bank, Mount Vernon,	failed
Orphans' Institute Bank, Fulton,	failed
Ohio Rail Road Company, Richmond,	failed
Urbana Banking Company, Urbana,	48 dis
Washington Bank, Mimsburg,	failed
Western Reserve Farmer's banking company, in Brighton,	failed
Zanesville Canal & Man. Co. Zanesville	failed

DEAD BANKS.
The following is a list of the banks whose charters expired by limitation, on the 31st of December 1842.

Franklin Bank, Cincinnati,	par
Belmont Bank, St. Clairsville,	1 dis
Columbiana Bank, New Lisbon,	1 dis
Commercial Bk. of Scioto Portsmouth,	5 dis
Dayton Bank, Dayton,	1 dis
Muskingum Bank, Putnam,	1 dis
Ohio Life and Trust Co. on demand,	par
Western Reserve Bank, Warren,	1 dis
Farmers and Mechanics Bk. Steubenville,	1 dis
Franklin Bk. of Columbus,	1 dis
Bank of Marietta,	1 dis
Lancaster Ohio Bank, Lancaster,	10 dis
Bank of Mount Pleasant,	1 dis
" Zanesville,	1 dis
Chillicothe,	1 dis

SPECIE PAYING BANKS.
The following banks were paying Specie at the last accounts:
Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, par
Lafayette Bank of Cincinnati, par
Mech's and Traders' bank, par
Bank of Circleville, par
" Gauga, par
" Massillon, par
" Norwalk, par
" Sandusky, par
" Wooster, par
" Xenia, par
Clinton Bank of Columbus, par

PROSPECTUS

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

A weekly Journal,

TO BE PUBLISHED IN WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

By JAMES R. MORRIS.

In assuming the control of a public Journal, custom renders it necessary, that the Editor should point out the course he intends to pursue. In accordance with this usage, he will briefly say, that he intends to advocate the measures of the Democratic Party; and that he will inscribe on his banner, as the voice of Ohio, the name of MARTIN VAN BUREN, for President of the United States, (subject to the decision of a National Convention,)